

HELEN KELLBERG ANDERSON

Interview One

Interviewed by:

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Oral History Project

Latah County Museum Society

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I. Index

HELEN KELLBERG ANDERSON

Burnt Ridge, Troy; b. 1904

1.2 hours

minute page

Side A

- 01 Short on materials in the Burnt Ridge schoolhouse and they'd reread the lesson book. School programs, plays and drills. Wanted to teach and go on to high school, but ended up staying at home.
- 12 2 Dad gave money somewhat more freely to the boys than the girls. Went after the cows every night. Once the cows disappeared for three days and father tracked them to Troy.
- 16 3 Two deserted homestead cabins in the canyon had blue grass lawns and berry bushes and sweet williams that bloomed for years afterwards.
- 20 5 Older girls congregated by the gate and talked about books they'd read and talked about Helen and her babies (from a book) when she walked by. Young Rodin boy mispronounced her name.
- 24 6 Hillsides stripped of timber and sawed in Bovard. Made the stream a mill pond and the salmon would spawn there. Few bears after they logged. Seeing two cougars walk past the house like a team of horses. Taking butter to the Bovard mill. Scared by a snake near the bunkhouse.

Side B

- 00 9 (continued) Also afraid of Joe Carlson's bad bulls.
- 02 10 Dad worked on First Continental Railroad and lost \$300 gambling, but won it back the next night. After that he became quite strict and wouldn't even allow them to chew gum. Sneaking gum from Watkins man and hiding it in the house.
- 07 11 Seeing the Ringling Brothers Circus in Moscow around 1910 inspired boys to do stunts in the barn. They all jumped off beams in the barns to the hay. Layton cut his head on a beam and father sewed it up with cat gut.
- 09 12 Teddy got erysipelas from a scratch on his neck that no turpentine was put on. Old Joe Carlson's remedy with potatoes and blankets brings him through the crisis. Father sewed up a bad cut on Teddy's leg.
- 13 13 Teddy got ringworm and the doctor put black iodine on the sores and it burned him badly. The home remedy would have been better.

Helen Kellberg Anderson

minute page

Side B (continued)

- 18 15 Tuberculosis epidemic on Burnt Ridge. People didn't have enough clothes, but it was mainly a sanitation problem - the water bucket at school. First symptom of TB was extreme weakness. Treated by being put in tents outside in order to get fresh air. Needed more nourishing food. Older sister worked too hard - carried water from spring to house in buckets. Everyone drank from the same communion cup in church.
- 28 18 Father's prune dryer and twenty acre orchard.

Side C

- 00 (continued) Father stopped drying prunes at his place and soon after the Westburg's dryer burnt down.
- 02 Mother's canning and baking for a family of 12. Dried corn after boiling it in scalded cream.
- 06 Older sister sewed for the family. Later she sewed her own dresses. The Troy dressmaker made her a pink dress for Christmas. Whooping cough. Childhood parties.
- 12 End of side

with Laura Schragar
June 5, 1974

II. Transcript

SIDE A: minute 12

HELEN KELLBERG ANDERSON: Dad was always handing out money to 'em, money to the boys.

I thought the girls had it a little harder to get money to spend and so forth. Boys had it easier coming you know. He'd say, "Oh, do you need some money?" But you know, I always felt that the girls had it harder that way. But, oh dad, you know he was pretty well-to-do, but not flush or anything like that, but always had to struggle to make money every year. But they never mentioned about me going on to school. I don't know why. And I guess I was one of those people, I just didn't speak up enough, 'cause I find myself today sometimes in a predicament (laughs) 'cause I don't stand up for myself sometimes, so that's the way it is. So I guess it's my timidness. Then I'd probably feel bad about it, and then keep it to myself. (Laughs)

LAURA SCHRAGER: I'd like to ask you some things about when you were a kid, that you were telling me before.

H A: Oh yeah, yeah, I was always doing something. I was the one that'd always have to do things, oh well, I wanted to. That was the one thing, I had to be doing something. But I was the one that noticed everything, I saw everything, and of course that's the one reason I probably would get in dutch because I saw more. People wouldn't have to say anything, nobody would have to mention it, but if it was anything why I'd see it, and I'd know it, and I couldn't help it, it was just my nature.

But anyway, we always went after the cows, and we went--oh the canyon was

'bout three-fourths of a mile deep. But we'd have to go over about three different hills, you know go down and go further south, and every night we'd bring the cows home. And oh, we'd always have six, seven, maybe eight milk cows and some extra calves or something. And drive 'em up to the top of the hill, and then of course we'd exercise hunting for those cows, and then coming out of the canyon the cows would always beat us you know. Walk so much faster, or else they'd poke and we'd have to go back and get them. So anyway, this is every night we did that. And it was either Ted and I, or Layton and I, somebody practically always was with me.

But, one night I wasn't with them, I guess I was doing something else, in later years when Layton and Teddy I think was supposed to get the cows. And they hunted for three days, and they'd come home and wouldn't find the cows. And dad said, "We've got to milk those cows." They won't milk you know, if you go too long you ruin the cow. And so they went for about three nights trying to find 'em and they never come. And dad thought they were just maybe scared of going down 'cause of bears or something you know. But it wasn't that. So then dad, he got on his horse and he went down there. And there was no herd laws in those days and not very many fences, and so they went from this east pasture clear around Trout's pasture and up the canyon. Followed the railroad track and came out at Troy. (Laughs) So he found the cows just as you come into Troy there. So you can see why the boys couldn't find the cows.

And, oh, we used to go down, there was so many houses in the canyon at that time. There was the Cusic house. I don't know too much about 'em, but the older children knew more about 'em than I did, but they moved away. Then there was a Wheeler house and it was a log cabin. And this one, it was quite a large long room and it was all papered with German newspapers and so we couldn't read 'em. But it was that, what you called this handwriting, you know, so curled up that you can't hardly understand it, you know...

LAURA: Oh, it was the old fashioned German script...

H A: Yeah script. I think it's beautiful, but I couldn't read anything. 'Course I probably wouldn't have been that good in German anyway. But anyway, it was that kind of words so you couldn't begin to try and read. Then...

LAURA: Did they have little gardens?

H A: Yes they had...I didn't know too much about the gardens, because they too had pulled out. I guess they couldn't just live and make a living there. Although I think some of that soil was nice and rich down there, but there wasn't enough of it. But they had planted bluegrass lawns, and they were well-kept, and a fence around it. And there was apple trees and fruit trees and berry bushes, like gooseberries and currants and blackberries. And then they always had such pretty flowers, they had sweet williams and other flowers that we'd go down there and pick many years afterwards. And they would grow up in the brush around way up on the lawn. Oh, they'd grow almost two and a half, three feet tall. And then they'd have these great big heads almost as big as saucers, they were so pretty.

We finally quit going down there because my cousins moved away and we were alone, but we used to go once or twice a year down there. Oh they had some apples too, tasted always good, stray apples always tasted good to us. But then as we got older and so forth we didn't go down there. But one thing I think scared us, that's when we went with our cousins, two cousins, Gladys and Alice Oller. And we took a notion to follow the fence line, we put a new fence in there, so we followed the fence line clear to the bottom of the creek there. And thought we was going to play around there, but we saw a bunch of tiny snakes, they were almost white. I guess they was newly born and they had such big heads on 'em. So we figured they were rattlers, so we decided we'd better get out of there while the gettin' was good. And so we walked back, and so I think that's about the last time we've been down in that canyon.

But there was other...the Porter place was interesting. We used to go down there after they left. They used to be...went to Burnt Ridge school. And the girls' names were Mammie and Isabel. And the boy's name was Sam. And they could have had another sister, but I don't remember. But anyway, we used to walk to school, and the older kids that were higher up in grade school and we always had a good time, walking to school. And there was the Pearson girls, I think they were four girls in the Pearson family. And there was Selma Ruberg and Edith Carlson and Minnie Oller, and then Emma and Gladys and Alice, so there was quite a few young girls going to school. 'Course they always seemed like they were so grown-up that you'd think that they were almost twenty years old. They weren't that old, but they wore longer dresses and everything, and ah, they were so tall and I was just a little tyke. But anyway...

LAURA: Do you remember the canyon getting logged at all?

H A: Oh yeah, yes I do. I want to say something more about the time when I was a little girl and went to school. But in those days everybody had to have a gate to go into the yard with, big big board gates you know, with several boards across and supports and hooks that fasten your gate to the fence to open and shut. Everybody had a gate. I think it's because they used to pasture--well it was the style, something new, so everybody had a gate. So all these women especially Selma Ruberg and the Oller girls and the Pearson girls and I don't know, Edith was older and practically out of school. Anyway, they'd all congregate there you know, and talk about the books like Annie of Green Gables, and all the Pepper's family and Tom Sawyer, and what's this other one?

LAURA: You'd get together and talk about it?

H A: Well they'd talk about them, and Little Women and so forth. And they used to talk about one--that Helen and her babies, but I don't know which book that was in now. And anyway, they'd mention that, and then they'd look at me because I was Helen you know. And so I heard exactly what they said and kind of laughed

when I went by. Talking about Helen and her babies, and I didn't know whether that was in Little Women or a Pepper book or (Uncle Tom's Cabin too was an interesting book. The teacher used to read these books five minutes after noon recess. Kind of to settle the kids down. So they were interesting books.) But anyway, they made the remark of Helen and her babies you know, and I'd walk past you know and not pay any attention to it. So then this year, or was it last year. I wrote to Minnie and I said, "I remember how you used to talk about Helen and her babies. But I wouldn't let on that I heard what you said. But I just walked by." And so she wrote back and she said, "I didn't think you remembered that." (Laughs) But if you hear any of those funny remarks you're bound to, kind of make you feel a little bit timid.

Anyway, Mike Rodeen, they lived at the brick house and he couldn't start school, and he'd always stand out at the gate and watch us go by. And oh, he just loved people and so he'd holler, "Hehen. Hehen." He couldn't say the "l" in it. I was embarrassed to tears you know because it was like calling me hen, of course he meant to say Helen, but he couldn't say Helen. So I guess I didn't show quite so much interest you know because I liked him and all that. But you know he didn't know any better, he couldn't say the "l" you know. But it made me feel kind of let down you know cause he called me Hen in place of Helen. (Laughs) Oh, he was cute though. He used to have his eyes through the bar of the gate. And--you was asking what?

LAURA: I asked whether you remembered the logging.

H A: Oh yeah. And they logged all these canyons, all the trees were gone. The hillsides were just stripped, well you could see where they pulled the trees down it. They had an engine in the bottom of the canyon, they called it a donkey where they'd pull these trees down. They'd saw 'em and then they'd have the trees pulled down to the bottom. I don't know whether they chopped the limbs off up there or down at the bottom, but anyway then they ran 'em to the mill.

And this creek that goes through our canyon, they had banked that and made a dam, and so they had a millpond down there. And oh, they shipped out an awful lot of timber.

And in this millpond the salmon would come upstream to spawn, and so sometimes they'd catch a great big salmon out of there. So anyway, Lois, my daughter, when she was about seventh or eighth grade, she took another kid with her down there. They were going to fish in the creek 'cause they liked to fish. And so she caught a salmon, and she told this other kid, "Come and help me. I need some help." Because the fish were too big for a hook. But he thought she'd maybe got just some little old tiny fish, and he wasn't about to want to come down there and see that. So anyway, she finally got his attention and they hooked it, or got it two or three times, but they finally lost it you know, it got away from them. But there's quite deep pools in this creek, and now, even today, that you can go down there and maybe fish little fish.

But the bears are eating them up now so. (Laughs) Bears used to live on them. Elmer Johnson, oh just two or three years ago went down there, and he's going to fish. He liked to go down there once a year or so and see if there's any fish. Well, he went down there, and there was a mother bear and a cub or two and the old father bear there. So the old bear got on his old hind legs and he started to walk toward him, and so he thought he'd better go home. So he went up that logging road quite a ways and he turned around, and here he's still coming walking. So, I think that was practically about the last time he went down there. But there was a little cub up in the tree, and of course they didn't like that very well. So we've had quite a few bears in later years. We didn't have so many before, because they logged there and disturbed a lot you know, but now they've moved off the mountains and coming down into the valleys I guess more.

LAURA: Can you tell me that story again where your mother and you saw the cougars?

H A: Oh yeah. This is before I ever started school. And oh, I had had pneumonia

about three times after we'd come to Idaho. And so I wasn't very well, and I was sitting there on a chair kind of shaking and kind of weak. Anyway, one day mother told me to, "Come to the window-quick," she says, and there was two cougars. They had long tails, I don't know what kind they were, but anyway, they walked past our place just like a team of horses. They were tall, about thirty inches tall, or maybe taller than that maybe. Anyway they were big and they were walking side by side. And we watched 'em as they went down the hill and went down to our pasture, and haven't seem 'em since.

But there are cougars here. Different people have killed cougars off and on. A cow over at the machine shed was all scratched up--streaks on his back and they figured it was a cougar. I think some people went, I don't know whether they found 'em, I thought maybe they had killed the cougar. That was on the upper end of the ridge that they found him.

LAURA: Can you tell me about the camp, the logging camp, that you used to go down to?

H A: Oh yeah. That was at the mill.

LAURA: Oh, that was the mill?

H A: Bovard. And when they were logging down there and Mrs. John Peterson and somebody else was cooking down there. I don't remember who it was, her sister-in-law I think, and I used to know her name too. And cooked at the logging camp and they had, oh quite a few big buildings down there because they had bunks for the men. Then they had big dining rooms and so forth. And then when the mail came, the train only brought the mail to the people, the train would stop and deliver their mail there.

But anyway, Mrs. Peterson wanted some butter, so mother churned butter and I took it down there, and I was all alone. I went down by myself. I went down our canyon, and walked clear to the bottom until I got to Bovard, which is quite a ways through because you pass the Carlson Canyon too. And as I was just gonna

go around a corner of this bunkhouse there was a great big rock about as high as this table. And there was just a path wide enough for me between this rock and the corner of this bunkhouse path to get passed, there was a trail there. Well, there was a great big snake and it just darted under this big rock. Well, I went on past the corner, and went into the house and brought this butter. And then I played with their daughter Gladys Peterson quite a bit, oh for an hour or so...

(End of Side A)

H A: ...walked past that rock and made it okay. And then I walked up the Carlson Canyon, and Old Joe Carlson always had some bad bulls. So I thought, "Well, if that bull comes after me..." I picked up a club and I said, "I'll just swing this around my head, and I'll be all right." But I didn't see the old bull, and I came up and went up to the house. And then I followed the road home, it's a good mile back up to our place. But anyway, it was quite a walk being alone, because you could see most anything that you--down there.

And many times, when we used to go down and get the cows, we used have to go in that canyon too, and we'd see snakes maybe in the spring. Where the cows'd drink water and so forth. Big ones. But I'll always live in fear of snakes, I have all my life. I probably would have been a missionary if I wasn't so scared of snakes. (Laughs) I don't think I could have gone to a foreign country, but I guess maybe the Lord knew that I couldn't go with snakes although I know that he would protect me and so forth. But my sister went in my stead I guess. I'm supposed to stay home I guess, and help take care of mother and dad and so forth. I've been a busy person all my life, I don't know what doing, but just keeping the home together.

LAURA: There was a story you told me about chewing gum last time. About getting...

H A: Oh yeah. Oh this is good. This was when dad, well dad had worked on the road...

did I tell you that? Dad had worked on the railroad, on the First Continental Railroad, where they drove the Golden Spike at Provo, Utah, where the railroad met over the whole United States. And dad...there was nothing for the men to do, so before they'd go to sleep at night they'd, they had kinda a bunkhouse or maybe it was some kind of a side car or something that they had. They'd go and gamble you know, and so dad, he gambled one night there and he lost all his money. And so, oh he was just beside himself because he'd lost \$300 in that, and he was gonna leave and he didn't know what to do with himself. So he said he'd just have to gamble one more night. So he gambled like all get-out and got his money back. And that taught him a lesson that he'd never gamble anymore.

So he got so strict with his family that they didn't even chew chewing gum, or play cards, or anything that was gambling--that was out. And you didn't smoke, you didn't chew, you didn't swear. He was really, I guess he learnt a lesson and that was good for us too 'cause I, my sisters and my brothers didn't smoke, none of 'em. And they didn't drink.

And well, the chewing gum. Anyway, when the Watkins man would come, his name was Johns from Juliaetta, he'd always like to recognize the children so he'd give us gum. And of course we were so many in the family. And so, when dad come home from work, well here we'd be chewing this gum. And it tasted so good, and we'd pull it you know, or we'd pop it you know. Ohhh dad'd get so mad at us. Momma said, "Here comes papa, here comes papa." So we'd stick our gum maybe under the pantry shelf or something--you stick it to there, or under the table or someplace, each one had a place for their own, you know. And then of course we'd chew that gum you know, off and on you know for a whole week or more you know, whatever. You'd think about it, and go and get our gum you know and we'd chew it. But then finally we'd forget about it, and of course then whenever we wanted to clean-up why, we'd find little gum stuck here and there that we'd left behind. But anyway, it was kind of nice that dad was strict and he learnt his

lesson, and it helped us too. 'Cause, he wanted us kids to be good kids, and they all turned out to be...mother and dad had a nice family. Never were crossing or real bad people you know, we all do some things to get into mischief.

Just like...oh I tell you, many years ago, it must have been about 1910, we went to Ringling Brothers in Moscow, Ringling Brothers Circus. And so we saw all these trapeze acts and all the things that they done there, walking ropes and so forth. Well anyway, it was so exciting to see this circus, and I think it was more fascinating to the boys. Because when they got home they fixed up in the barn, boards attached to the rafters and the roof of the barn, and on each side of 'em trying to stand on 'em or swing on 'em or something, you know, like they did in the circus. And we played around till oh, maybe somebody'd finally get hurt, maybe not hurt that bad but finally something stopped it. The rope slipped out of one end or something, somebody had a collision or something.

But one of the crazy things, we all did it. During haying season, or after haying season, they always had big beams, big square beams to hold the barn together from one side to the other, and then beams up and down. Well we would dare ourself out there on these beams then we'd say, "One for the money, and two for the show, and three to get ready and a fourth to go!" And we went down and jumped on the hay. Well, that worked just fine as long as there was a lot of hay in the barn. There was lots of fun but we'd go out there. But it was risky 'cause that beam that they'd go on was so slick from putting the hay in the barn all the time, and it was practically shiny it was so slick. And here we'd get out on up there and jump down. And sometimes we'd jump, when the barn was almost empty--there'd be rails, fence posts and stuff in the bottom. They probably did that so there'd be a little bit of air underneath so it would heat the hay, the hay will heat if it's a little damp. Anyway, here we was jumping without any hay hardly in the bottom of this. I guess we were young and didn't hurt us very bad.

But I think it was...I don't know whether it could have been the 4th of July. But Layton, he was younger than I was, two years younger, and he was going to jump off. And he hit his head in this square beam and cut his forehead, a deep gash and dad, he sewed it up. In those days you didn't run to the doctor, but he sewed up the scar on his forehead...

LAURA: Your father could just sew it up himself?

H A: Yeah, he sewed it and...

LAURA: Did he just get a regular needle and thread?

H A: They had, no...

LAURA: He must of had stuff...

H A: They always called it cat gut is what it was, it's made out of cat guts. That rots, I mean dissolves--if they use it today. So I guess it's popular, but I don't know what they call that kind, but that's what it was. And anyway a similar thing happened to Teddy, oh he had a rough time. Well, he had several bad things that happened to him, but I should tell this one.

Teddy he got erysipelas. He was playing with a kid at school, and he got scratched on his neck. And so mother was washing clothes when he come home in the afternoon, 'cause she had such a big washing with such a big family and washed by hand. And so she looked at it, but she thought why it was just a little scratch, you know shouldn't hurt, it'd go pretty soon. But she didn't think about putting anything on it you know, she should have put something on it, even turpentine would've helped. 'Course that was our old standby, was turpentine for every cut or hurt you got or wire cut, and we never got lockjaw or anything like that from it. But anyway he got erysipelas, and he was so sick, running a high temperature. He was there two or three weeks you know, and he just wasted away, and had such headache he could hardly stand it and so forth. Old Joe Carlson come up, our neighbor from where Carlson lived, and he said, "I'll tell you what you do," he said. "You grate a tub full of potatoes. And then you can

take a big sheet and you put him in that, and wrap these potatoes all around him." And then I guess put a blanket around that.

LAURA: Would you cook the potatoes?

H A: No, you just grate 'em, raw potatoes.

LAURA: And just put 'em right on?

H A: And they put 'em on him. And the crisis they figured would be about two o'clock that night, and it'd been almost a month. And that night he went to sleep, but he came out of it you know, he finally come out. Well, the fever left him, and the headache left him, and the potatoes had drawn all this infection out of him, and he was just as limp and weak as a dishrag. And he lost all his hair, and he just had to learn to walk all over again, it was just pitiful. And he didn't go to school, this was in the spring and he couldn't go to school till the next year, and oh I don't when he did go...in the fall. He went to school and he had to wear a hat, he wore a blue serge cap on his head and he had a little blue serge suit. And he went to school in that. He had to wear that hat in the school too, because he'd freeze on his head you know, he didn't have any hair.

But when his birthday come that following year dad bought him a nice wagon, coaster wagon. And I better not put this one down because somebody might read it. Anyway, but he finally got better.

But then when he got to be about twelve, oh maybe nine, ten I don't know, he was riding his coaster wagon down the lane, down toward the bottom of the hill. It was the 4th of July, and they had some friends over, but he caught his leg in the fence and took out a big piece on his knee or under his knee and so dad sewed that thing back. And no anesthetics. I've never saw anything like it. But that wasn't the worst of it. He finally got over that, and he had that scar.

But next thing, when he was oh fourteen, fifteen, fourteen maybe, and he got ringworm, he used to like cats, you know play with cats. Anyway, he got ringworm in his hair and all over his body, big as dollars. And so he thought he should

go to a doctor, but we always cured it with turpentine and lard. And that would kill it, turpentine would kill about anything you know, but lard kept it from burning.

But he went to the doctor in Troy, and he put this black iodine, painted all those sores with black iodine. And he come home and it was burning him up, you know. One burn is bad enough, but to have twelve, fifteen burns all over your body that he thought...Dad called him up, "What you do? Boy you're going to kill him," he said. And he said, "Put some vasoline on it." So he put vasoline on all those sores, even lard would have done it too. They put bandages on it, and the next morning the flesh just dropped out in hunks, and it made holes, just holes in his skin, everywhere. And then of course that flesh came out, and it finally healed up. But they used vasoline, I don't know if they had anything else that they could use in those days to heal 'em up again. But that poor boy sure suffered. It's just terrible. It's just too bad, we shouldn't've let him go and let Anderson do a thing like that. Iodine in those days was just black old paste you know...oh it was terrible.

LAURA: It was really strong stuff?

H A: Oh, the flesh dropped out about a whole inch or better deep wherever it was.

He had scars all his life from that. But, see he'd gone through so much, bad things I think. But you know he went on to high school and through the University. And he took electronics, or electrical engineering, electronics I think it was. And he got a hundred mind you on his test. Then he was going to go back to Chicago to a school, and then the first test they gave him, then he got another hundred test right there, the first test he took. Anyway, they said they'd give him a job. Well they give him a job selling washing machines and crazy stuff like that, you know. They promised 'em some kind of job. And my brother was going to school in Rock Island, that's not too far from Chicago. Anyway there was a gang I think, I'm not sure whether he had a car or something else, but anyway they

had gangsters that would steal cars and take 'em to a certain garage, and you'd have to pay so much to get 'em back and so forth, you know. It was just a gang, a couple of gangsters there that was stealing and selling and exchanging, something like that. But anyway Ted finally came back home... (Break)

LAURA: ...About the tuberculosis, and you can leave out any names you know of people...

H A: Yeah.

LAURA: ...tell about it on the ridge here...

H A: What I was going to say about. We were many many people on Burnt Ridge going to school you know, the highest was around, oh I think there was 46 some say it could have been 50 earlier, more than that. We were an awful bunch of kids going to this one room schoolhouse.

LAURA: Let me ask you. How did they treat the kids who had tuberculosis?

H A: Well, there they always said--well they didn't know so much about tuberculosis in those days. People were harder up and didn't have the food, I think they probably were, many of them probably, well you wouldn't say...The people were good cooks, and they had gardens, but they always thought then that they should have fresh air, and they always thought about milk being a good product. But I...I think too, but I would dare to mention that...I don't think the people, they didn't have very many clothes. Most people maybe wore one suit of underwear all week you know, and the next week you'd put on another suit of underwear, that's in the wintertime you know. And lots of times you'd make dresses out of maybe men's wool pants, you know the pant legs, you'd make petticoats. Of course everybody wore 'em because they had to walk to school, they'd walk those three miles to school. And so our clothes probably wasn't really warm enough for lots of people and then they had so far to go and probably didn't eat a big enough breakfast for one thing, too.

But I think you know, it wasn't enough sanitation I think more than anything else. But I do think that most all this was cause from getting tuberculosis

was through the water bucket. Because nobody else had it afterwards. And nobody else got it after we got the drinking fountain. So I think maybe we'd better just lay it to that. "That many of the school children got T. B. from drinking water and would you say...drinking water with a pail with a dipper in it. Water bucket we had a water bucket." (Speaking while writing this down.)

LAURA: Once someone got tuberculosis were you not supposed to go near them?

H A: The craziest thing, you never knew if they had tuberculosis. Nobody know they had tuberculosis I think till they got sick enough and weak and puny that they stayed home. I think that's the only way it went, see. It went so far that nobody knew, like the Pearsons up here where they got all that tin on the barns and the house. They had two boys that died, and they hemorrhaged every so often and vomitted up blood. And I think maybe Clara she was a nurse, but she died too. But she died from blood poison, but I think her blood was so thin that you know blood poison. But she never looked real well she was so pale and so forth, but I wouldn't dare to mention her, but she died by blood poison by getting a scratch or something just in two or three days. But these two boys they were sick, and they put 'em in tents. The Pearson's were in tents outside and stuff. And my sister, my oldest sister she was sent to Denver, Colorado to the sanitarium there. But my youngest sister, she was fifteen and dad put a tent out here, she slept out there in the tent. But...

LAURA: Is that so that they'd get lots of fresh air?

H A: Fresh air, and maybe too they wouldn't be around the rest of the children too. But I still think...today you know you can cure T. B. in six months easy, maybe sooner than that with penicillin or sulphur or something. But those days. But I think they needed more nourishing food than they possibly get you know. You probably had too much of the same thing. You know how it is in those days. But we were much more fortunate, but I think my oldest sister worked too hard. Because she used to carry water from down at the bottom of the hill and up the

lane to the house, and you know with a big family that water bucket was always empty. And that was no good for her, and I think she worked too hard. She looked like...

LAURA: You got water from down by the creek?

H A: Well, it was a spring, well down there, and anyway they carried it up, and when they washed they took a little strag or sled they called it. Sled--just boards across two runners, and they may have had metal on the bottom of those runners, I don't know, but it just two boards turned up on the ends like a sled so it would haul a barrel full of water whenever they washed clothes. Well, we didn't really do that very long here, but anyway she was the oldest girl and she probably had a lot of the brunt, you know hard work, and here a new house, and the house not finished you know. Dad built the house so much and then added to. But just when they first come here maybe she worked too hard. And Auntie Oller up here, she died with tuberculosis and she was in a tent. And Ernie's mother died with T. B. now and she was in Troy. See it was just in the community.

And another thing, we had communion cup. Well like they always say that with wine, real wine you know is supposed to kill germs and stuff like that, so you shouldn't get it from the next person. But people'd drink out of the one cup, and you're bound to, I'm sure it wasn't healthy you know. Some people had big long mustaches and everything else, and beards and everything else. But then Pastor Byrd come and he thought it was unlawful to have the single cup for sanitation sake. They always figured that if you have faith enough you wouldn't get tuberculosis from that, or the wine was a purifier, but I know we didn't like it for that reason either. So I was glad when they said that they would have individual glasses, and that's so much better.

Anyway drinking water, a water bucket with the dipper in it. "The school children got tuberculosis from drinking water from a water bucket with a dipper that all of us drank out of the same dipper, and carried the germs. After dad

bought a drinking container where everyone had to have their own cup, no one else got T. B." (Helen Anderson reads what she has written down.) Yeah, nobody else got T. B.

LAURA: Could you tell me some about the prune dryer that your father had?

H A: Oh yeah, yeah that was easy. Anyway, dad had a prune dryer. We had about 20 acres of fruit--prunes and prune trees, oh we had pears and apples, and pea...oh we had peaches too. They grew wonderful until the frost got 'em. We had 'em for quite a few years. But prunes that was interesting, but that harvest lasted a long time. And my two oldest boys (brothers) stayed out of public school, stayed out of school in the fall, because we had so many prunes to pick. And dad dried prunes in a big prune dryer. It had a kiln, a kiln is where you put a fire under the building, it would be like an oven that would dry all these prunes. And we had around, I couldn't say, close to maybe oh maybe forty-eight doors, big doors, like a house door. And inside these doors, we had about twenty-four on each side, and inside would be a lot of grates that you'd put in there. Just like you'd put in oven grates, but these were wooden grates made out of wood, wooden sticks. And they were about maybe thirty-six by forty long, maybe longer than that, but it was that long anyway, thirty-six or better. And each grate was that big. And in one door you'd put maybe twelve, fifteen grates at least in each door. And they were all filled with prunes on each grate. And then these twenty-four doors went clear around on both sides, and the big fire that they call a kiln would dry these prunes. And then they'd have to change the ones from the bottom and put 'em to the top, so the top ones would come down to the bottom so they'd dry more evenly. And dad would haul--I should say that he washed these prunes in three or four buckets of--well first a bath of lye water...

(End of Side B)